

March 11
1926

Life

Price
15 cents

SAINT PATRICK'S NUMBER



"It seems there were two Irishmen --"



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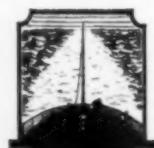
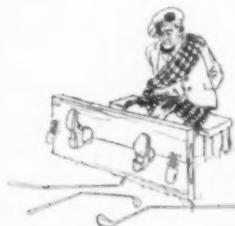
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Where Golf was once a Crime!

The pioneer players of the ancient game of golf were about as popular in Scotland as witches in Salem. There is no record of anybody being hanged for indulging in this outlawed pastime but some of the daring adventurers of the day who whiled away their hours banging a ball from hole to hole were openly accused of treason because the interest they were creating in golf was interfering with the development of that very necessary military accomplishment—archery.



The famous
CUNARD
HIGHWAY
is now within
the reach
of all

REED & BARTON



At top: Sierra tea spoon
in silver plate.

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Colonial type.

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ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS
SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

Now!
MORE THAN
EVER-

Ask
the Man
Who Owns
One

Life



Doogan: FER THE LOVE OF MIKE, RAFFERTY, WADE ASHORE—THE TIDE'S RISIN' AN' YE'LL BE DROWNED IN FOIVE MINUTES!

Rafferty: BE JABERS—O'I'LL BE DROWNED IN FOIVE SECONDS IF OL STEP OFF O'SULLIVAN!

Salute to a Saint

IN a moment of weakness, St. Patrick had consented to visit the United States of America on a lecture tour. As the liner reached Quarantine a tug approached and deposited a load of Bright Young Men.

"Hey, Saint!" yelled the photographer of the *News*. "Sit up there on the rail side of Miss Queenie Quinine an' wave yer hand at the Statcher of Liberty."

"One moment," interrupted the *Times* man. "Is it your opinion, Mr. Patrick, that Ireland should concur with the demand of the powers for reparations arising from the recent Parnell Rebel—"

"Say, Pat," asked the *Mirror* reporter hopefully, "is there anything you want to say before we print the story that you had a row with the Mrs. and that the real reason you come here was because Imogene—"

"Twenty thousand hard iron men for your True Life Story and you ain't got to do a stroke of work!" broke in the youth from the *Graphic*.

"How about covering the six-day bike race for the *World* in a signed article?" asked another. "We've already lined up Bernard Shaw, Dr. Stratton, Bebe Daniels—"

"Say," said the *Journal* representative, "if you'll supply us with ideas for a new comic strip called 'Paddy and His Snakes' we'll pay you thirty—"

"Even if you are an Irishman, you don't believe in the Tammany principle of misgovernment, do you?" inquired the *Herald Tribune* delegate anxiously.

But at this point a blue-uniformed figure broke through the crowd.

"Feller," he addressed the distinguished visitor, "if you was thinking of landin' here get that notion outta yer head, because you ain't. The Irish quota's exhausted, and anyways, your ideas is too modern an' revolutionary. Back you goes on the nex' boat!"

"Thank God!" said Patrick piously.

Because, we must remember, he had been canonized and was debarred from the use of strong language.

Tip Bliss.



Dusty the Pup: THAT DOG OUGHT TO KNOW ENOUGH NOT TO PAL UP WITH FAT BOYS. THEY NEVER LEAVE ANYTHING FOR A GUY TO EAT.

LOBBY GOS-SIP (*to friend*): Look, look! Mr. and Mrs. Brown have had another hair-cut.

A Hitherto Untold Tale

LITTLE ART was lost in the woods. "I want to go home!" he wailed.

"Nonsense!" came a voice from behind him. It belonged to the genie of the woods. "HOME?" said the genie. "What is home? Ask the person with a BRAIN and he will say TRAVEL is the greatest thing in the world. He will shun home. What does this PROVE? It proves that we cannot always know WHAT is best for us. If you offer to take a WEASEL home, will he go? Of course not. He SEES that home is not the place for him, because—HE IS A WEASEL."

"Excuse me, but I don't quite see what weasels—"

"Don't interrupt! We must ALL follow the example of the WEASEL. We must THINK out our problems. We must not be misled by TALK of our parents which is MALICIOUS PROPAGANDA paid for by our GRANDPARENTS. If we want to go sailing, should we take a train? Of course not, but that's what we are doing. We are TAKING TRAINS. You can't see this woods and go home too. NOW LET US BEAR THIS LES—LES—LES—"

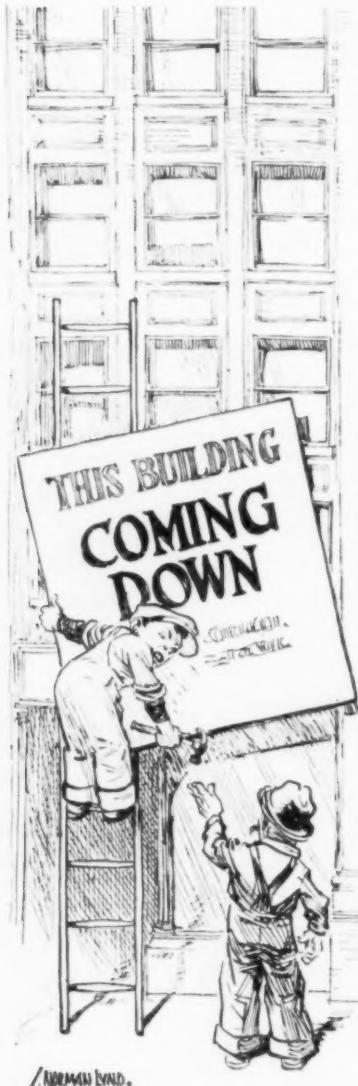
"What's the matter?"

"I've run out of capital letters."

"Too bad. But I'm going home now. You've given me inspiration."

And Art, or Arthur Brisbane, as he was sometimes called, went home and became an editorial writer.

Parke Cummings.



"GOSH, THESE NEW YORKERS ARE A CONSIDERATE LOT, AFTER ALL. THEY GIVE A FELLER A CHANCE TO GET OUT OF THE WAY."



"WELL, YOUNG FELLER, WHAT'S THE IDEA?"
"I JES' WANNA TRY THIS ON OUR PHONOGRAPH, OFFICER!"

Dangerous Radicalism

THE editor of a great newspaper had just authorized a change of policy on the League of Nations, Prohibition, and the Income Tax, and was preparing an announcement of the paper's withdrawal of allegiance to the Republican Party and its support of the Democrats. While he was dictating the office boy brought him a cartoon for the next issue.

The drawing showed a short, thick-set man wearing a hat shaped like an inverted flower-pot, a cutaway coat, frilled shirt, knee breeches, stockings, and brogans with silver buckles. The editor studied the drawing a few moments and then sent for the artist.

"You've forgotten the stubby clay pipe; and be sure you have him smoking it upside down," he said. "We can't afford to take chances with our readers by radical changes, you know. If we ran a St. Patrick's Day Irishman without a clay pipe we might as well go out of business."

McC. H.

The Final Touch

"BY the way, old man, how's that new Florida bungalow of yours getting on?"

"Fine—we've just had her hauled out and put in drydock so we can get the cellar painted."





St. Patrick's Day in New York



A Few Figures

"If a giant magnet," said the statistical chap, "could gather up all the lost pins every year, do you know what they would weigh?"

"No, and I don't care," said the bookworm.

"They would weigh six hundred tons," replied the man who asked questions just to answer them.

The neighbor who liked to read shifted uneasily and muttered something under his breath.

"Figures are wonderful things," continued the human adding-machine. "Figures are interesting."

"Have you seen 'The Purple Princess?'" asked the book-lover.

"No, but do you know that if all the theatre programs in this country were made into one volume it would take seventy-five acres of sturdy forest to provide the pulp, and it would take seventeen trucks, driving sixty miles an hour, to deliver it if the printing shop was eight squares from the opera house?"

"Now I'll tell one," cried the fellow who carried a book in each pocket. "If all the men between sixteen and sixty who insisted on figuring how many matches are scratched per second per capita were hanged on one limb of a redwood, all the radio announcers would broadcast a national holiday."

"S too bad I have to get off here," sighed the statistical expert, "or I could show you the faulty arithmetic of your proposition."

James A. Sanaker.

Advice to Young Parents

WORK hard and save your money so you can threaten to disinherit your son when he gets into jail.



*The Nose and Throat Specialist, the Laundryman and the Soft Coal Miner:
IT LOOKS GOOD TO US.*

Public Wins Coal Strike

(After Blenheim; also, after Southey)

IT was a winter evening,
The housewife's work was done,
She read her evening paper
Announcing, "COAL STRIKE WON.
Miners and Magnates All Agree
It Was the Public's Victory."

Her infant son, with black-rimmed eyes,
Came running to her knee.
"What is it all about?" he cried.
"What is this victory?"
She stooped and stroked his grimy head.
"We've won the coal strike, child," she said.

"Your face is pale from breathing gas
That made you gag and choke;
The Doctor says I've wrenched my spine
From heaving on that coke,
But what is health, dear heart, if we Have won a splendid victory?

"The house is draped with sooty webs,
The curtains' hue is sad,
The cleaner and the coal-man, dear,
Have wrecked your poor old dad,
But things like that, of course, must be If we're to win a victory."

"I do not understand," he cried,
That little child at play,
"I do not see but what the strike
Has gypped us every way."
"No more do I, dear child," said she,
"But 'tis a famous victory."

George S. Chappell.

THE woman who "pays" and "pays" and "pays"—Abie's Irish Rose.

A Day to Celebrate

I JUST love St. Patrick's Day. It makes me feel certain that I can hit the high note in "Mother Machree" as easily as John McCormack.

When the seventeenth of March comes I always frown threateningly at all my acquaintances of English extraction.

On that day I would trade my equity in my house and lot for a tumble-down shack in Athlone and throw in my riparian rights in Florida.

I even find myself talking with a touch of the ould brogue.

I am conscious then that Ireland has been done a great wrong and, though I don't know what it is, I am ready to right it.

I just love St. Patrick's Day.
I am pure Scotch on both sides.

McC. H.

Somewhere in Florida

JIMMIE (*from front porch*): Hey, Mother, that Jones boy is sailing his boat in our front yard again!



KILKENNY, MARCH 17, 1792

DISCOVERY OF THE REMARKABLE EFFECTIVENESS OF THE MALLET-HEADED PUTTER.

Confessional

RADICAL: No, I don't believe in being individualistic. It makes one too much like everybody else nowadays.

DUMBBELL—One who reads house organ editorials on "Loyalty."

Polluted

RASTUS (*lecturing defiant wife*): ...An' furdermo' Ah doan' want dis yaller Johnsing nigger hangin' aroun' de house. Ah strongly suspects dat wuffless trash ob bein' guilty ob moral turpentine!



AT THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE

The Honorable Chairman: NOW, GENTLEMEN, IS IT THE SENSE OF THE CONFERENCE THAT POISON GAS SHOULD KILL NON-COMBATANTS WITHOUT SUFFERING, OR CAUSE THEM TO SUFFER WITHOUT KILLING THEM?

Life



Lines

WHEN VERA the Countess Catheart was finally allowed to enter the United States, she didn't have to pay duty on moral turpitude, that being a work of art more than a hundred years old.

JL

Somehow, the impression remains that the thing to worry about isn't so much the moral turpitude of foreign visitors to our blameless land as it is the mental torpidity of those already here.

JL

Dr. VIZETELLY has verified the fact that the twenty-six letters of the alphabet can be transposed only 620,448,401,733,239,439,369,000 times. Stenographers will persist, however, in trying to break this record.

JL

"Popularize the Prohibition law," says General LINCOLN C. ANDREWS, "so that no hostess need feel apologetic for not serving cocktails." Add this to the growing list of Good Tricks If You Can Do Them.

JL

Mayor C. E. MOYER of Little Rock, Ark., has introduced a bill forbidding any ridicule of the Volstead Act, and citizens are already preparing for the celebration of Silent Chuckle Week.

JL

The National Association of Cleaners and Dyers reports that the American people spent \$250,000,000 last year to have their clothes cleaned and dyed. A vote of thanks has been tendered the man who invented taxicab mud-guards.

JL

Geologists tell us now that the earth is gradually getting warmer, and that in from thirty to fifty million years it will become molten. Which means that just about the time the coal miners and the operators learn to work in harmony, we won't need any more coal.

JL

The Pennsylvania Railroad has awarded twenty-four medals for bravery, none going to passengers for refusing to tip porters.

JL

Additional proof that you can get your Name in the Papers by less heroic methods than jumping off high buildings lies in the published report that one W. R. RANNEY has offered \$50 to anybody who can grow pimentoes in Arkansas City, Kansas.

Statistic

TOBACCO is found in many of the Southern States and in some cigars.

News

I LEARNED to-day the Huns had marched across the Belgian border;

That Altgeld let some men with bombs disturb Chicago's order;

That war against the Spanish by our country was declared; That Charley Ross was missing and his parents badly scared; That Dr. Mary Walker was sashaying 'round in pants; That turkey trot and bunny hug had swept the field of dance.

I learned to-day a battleship, the *Maine*, had just been sunk; That Volstead planned a law to keep us all from getting drunk—

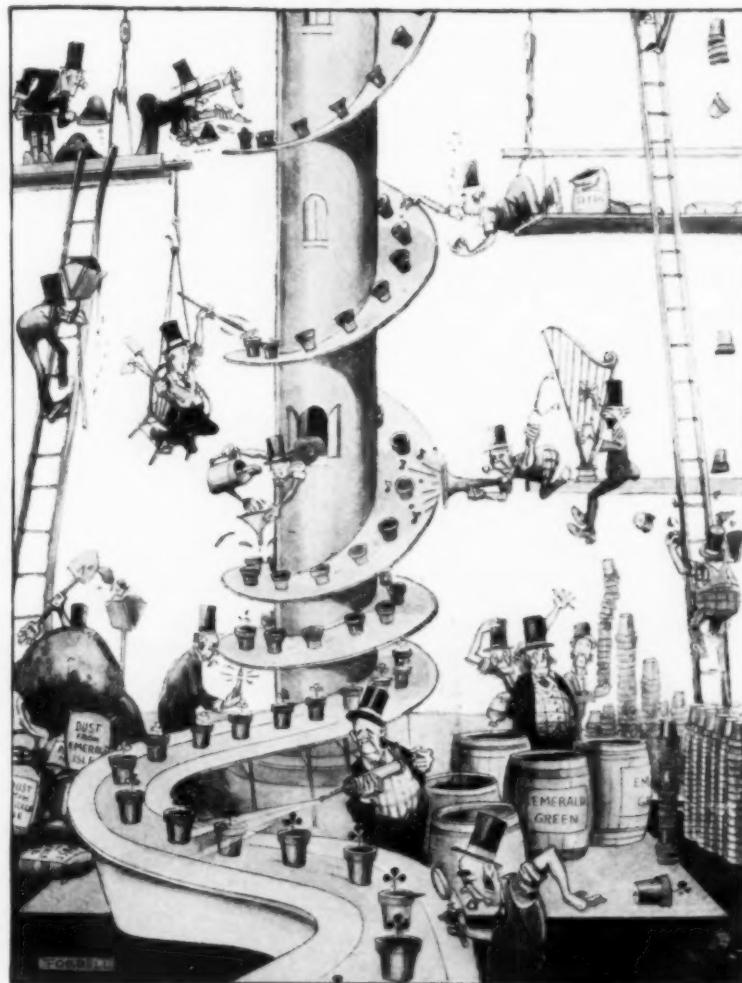
Learned that and other startling news that filled my soul with gloom.

What's that? Where did I read it? In my dentist's waiting room.

Strickland Gillilan.

RUB: This country has no national secrets.

DUB: How about what the pitcher says to the catcher?



THE GILHOOLEY & O'HOLIHAN SHAMROCK FOUNDRY SPEEDS UP PRODUCTION FOR MARCH SEVENTEENTH.



Salesman: DO YOU KNOW THE TITLE OF THE BOOK, MADAM?

"NO, BUT IT HAS AN ORANGE JACKET, EDGED IN BLACK, AND IT LOOKS LOVELY UNDER A BRIDGE LAMP."

Out of Focus: Retake

THE movie star glanced over the income tax blank, picked up a pen, and prepared to fill it in.

"Salaries, wages, commissions, etc." He was down for a cool \$2,000,000. Hmm! That would run into a nice bit of tax money, but then, for an artist of his magnitude...

"Interest on bank deposits, notes, mortgages, and corporation bonds." A fair figure would be \$154,736.29. They wouldn't bother to check up on that.

Under "Other income"—well, \$40,000. But now for the deductions!

"Taxes." Er—\$2,538.17 sounded right.

"Contributions." Ah, \$45,283. And prove that he didn't!

"Other deductions authorized by law," about \$37,280.15 should cover that item.

Total tax at 4 per cent.: \$84,385.40.

Eighty-four thousand three hundred eighty-five and forty cents! That tears

pretty steep, now wasn't it? But what could a man do? There was no evading it.

He reached for his check book and was preparing to write, when the front door slammed. There came a scurrying of feet; his press agent burst into the room waving a paper.

"For Gawd's sake, hold that check!" panted the P. A. "I see where they ain't gonna let newspapers publish the income tax lists this year."

The star jumped up wildly. "What? Are you sure?"

"Here—says so on the first page."

He seized the paper and glanced feverishly over the headlines. Then, with a sigh of relief, he tore his old return to bits and picked up another blank.

"Phew! That was a close shave," he muttered, as he set to work again. "Now I can tell the truth."

His check was for \$13.92.

L. C. Beutel.

Parley

MCCARTHY, JR. (at head of urchin army): Will ye surrender?

O'BRIEN, JR. (at head of second urchin army): Not till we've licked ye, we won't!

**NOW YOU
TELL ONE**

"GO right ahead," said the traffic cop. "You really needn't have stopped at all. I thought of course you knew I was fooling. Never pay any attention to my signals."

• LIFE •



RICHES HAVE WINGS

Rialto Larry: YES, SIR, WE'D BE DARN FOOLS TO BUY REAL ESTATE IN FLORIDA WITHOUT LOOKING AT IT FIRST.



SUBURBAN DEVELOPMENTS

First House: W-WHATCHA SHIVERIN' FOR, NEIGHBOR?
Second House: GOT NO MORE COAL IN THE CELLAR, AND YOU?
First House: ME? I GOT A BAD ATTACK OF CHARLESTON IN THE PARLOR.

More Work for St. Patrick

D OWN in Connemara
 I saw a leprechaun;
 I addressed him: "Arrah
 Go on wid yez, go on,

"Phwat is ut ye're hidin'
 In thim boggy brakes?"
 He said: "I'm occupied in
 Cultivating snakes;
 Since tradition makes out"—
 Said he, with a grin—
 "Saint Patrick drove the snakes out,
 I brought some in!"

"I got tired of hearin'
 The lads of Erin gloat
 About the joys of Erin;
 In fact, it got my goat;

"So since the harps are muted
 That hang in Tara's halls,
 I get a little snooted
 And jazz them off the walls;

"Bacon and potaties
 Was the sacred dish;
 I've got the Irish maties
 To eat gefülltefisch!"

Then I cried: "Begorra,
 The truth begins to dawn!
 You, my young friend, are a
 Jewish leprechaun!"

His wink was very candid—
 "You hit it on the nose!
 Lots of us have landed
 With 'Abie's Irish Rose'!"

Morris Bishop.

Fairy Story

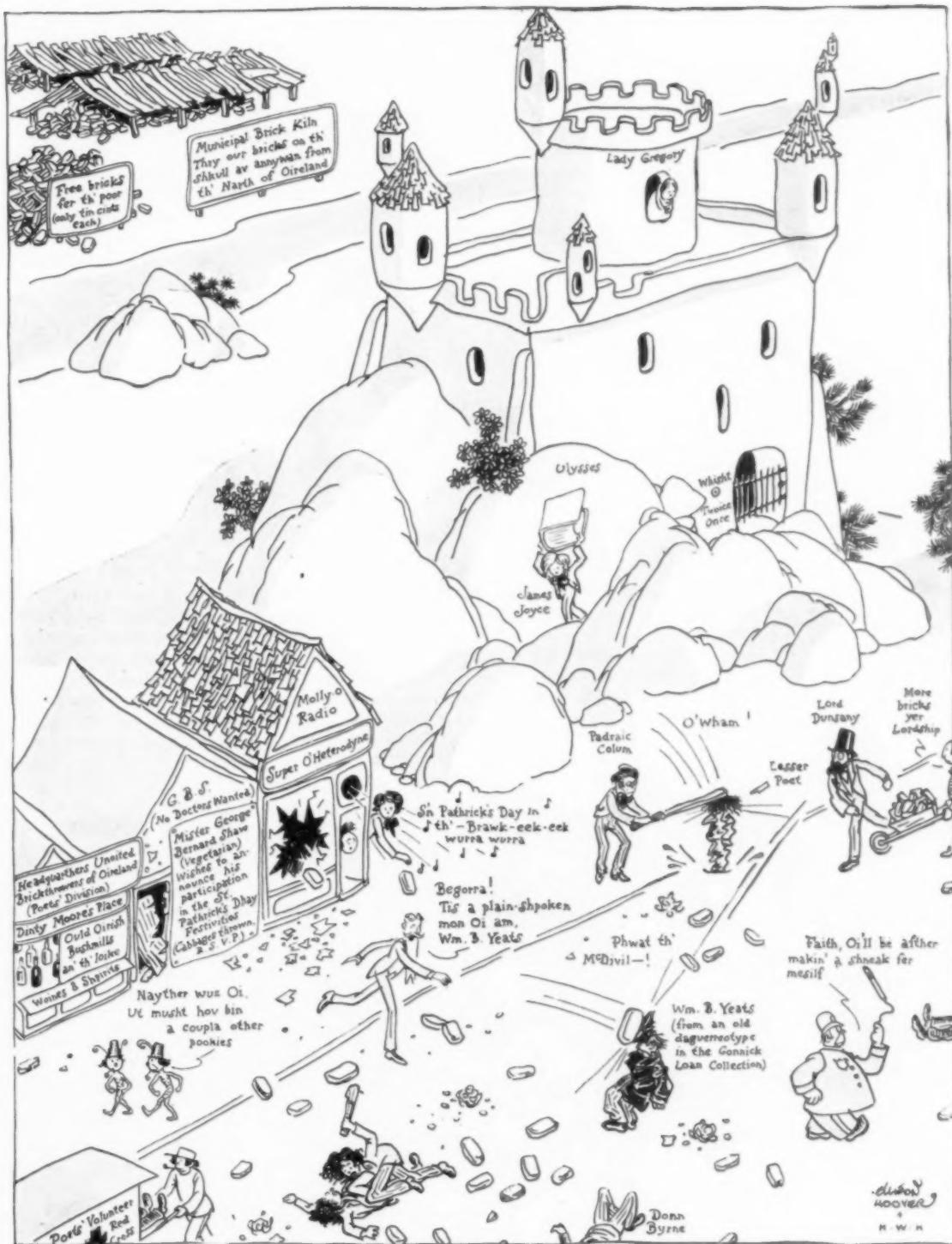
ONCE upon a time there was a gala performance at a great theatre packed with people from both ends of town, not to mention the middle.

Suddenly there was a shout of "Fire!" Tendrils of smoke curled out of the wings; a tongue of flame lapped at the curtains of the lower right-hand box.

Every one in the auditorium coolly picked up his program, turned to the floor diagrams and picked out his exit. Then he, or she, gathered up his, or her, wraps and walked (not ran) directly to that exit. The theatre was emptied in three minutes to the second.

Herbert J. Mangham.

GETTING the baby to sleep is hardest when she is about eighteen years old.



Modern Irish Poets Continue the Tradition of St. Patrick's Day

Mrs. Pep's Diary

February 15th Awake betimes, and reading in the publick prints how the French people are to erect a statue to the man who discovered pâté de foie gras, a proceeding which does show that at least one nation has a proper sense of values, and I was minded of the Frenchman who said that America has an hundred creeds and not one decent sauce. Off early to meet young Mary Smith, having promised her mother to chaperon her when she came in from boarding school to shop, and found her loath to purchase her apparel in the Misses' departments, but Lord! I could but have a secret sympathy with the child, for I do well recall how I suffered through the period when they would not let me put my hair up and my skirts down, and when I asked nothing of life but a rustling taffeta petticoat and a white feather boa. To an inn for our luncheon, Mary greatly excited over the surrounding splendour, but not to the extent of losing her appetite, for she did order the largest outlay of ill-assorted food that ever I saw in my life, nor did I stay her, remembering the days when I thought nought of consuming a banana split at nine o'clock in the morning and a tin

of chipped beef thirty minutes thereafter. And when I did quiz her about her roommate, she quoth, Mother is afraid her father is a bootlegger, and Father is afraid he isn't. To Ida Marshall's for tea, after handing Mary back to her preceptress, and there I did hear a tale of a man who, having been enjoined to throw away some analyzed liquor which contained wood alcohol and would cost him his eyesight, rejoined, Not at all—I have an uncle who is already blind, and I shall send it to him. Ida told me, too, of getting thirty dollars from an insurance company because a hole was burned in one of her fine tablecloths, and now that the place has been mended so as not to be perceptible, she does wonder whether or not to return the money, but I advised her not to do so, being convinced that anybody getting a sum from an insur-

ance company with such dispatch is under supernatural guidance.

February 16th All the morning gone in sorting out my lingerie, and during the process I

did wonder at the effort to introduce the human element into lace motifs, forasmuch as all faces in filet are so homely, and there is a Medusa-like visage on the front of one of my night robes which would frighten me should I encounter it in the dark. Lunched at home alone on crab meat Newburgh and a fine salad of endive, very reflective

during the meal, too, wondering why life is so arranged that so lovely a thing as old silver must tarnish and be rubbed up at least once a week, and whether non-gamblers who say that they play bridge only for fun really ever have any. The books I ordered for Amy Fitch to read on the Aiken train arriving shortly afterwards, I did fall a-reading one of them, "Closed All Night," by Paul Morand, and from it I did learn for the first time that there really are no snakes in Ireland, which goes to show that it is easy to make a legend out of a fact. Astonished, too, at M. Morand's intrepidity in quoting from the works of the great Gaelic poet who is one of the characters, for he must have had to compose the verse himself in the very spirit of little Jack Horner....To the playhouse this night to see "A Weak Woman," having heard high praise of it, but Lord! I do find that nothing any more is as good or bad as it is made out to be, and I do pray that I be not getting blasé, for, albeit I should not go to the lengths of the last duchess in smiling upon everything, I do feel that life without enthusiasms would be very dull indeed....This day I did pay seventy-five cents a pound for string beans, and it would not have surprised me if handwriting had appeared on the wall during dinner. *Baird Leonard.*



"YES—HE'S HAVING THE MOST MARVELOUS BIRTHDAY! THIS MORNING HE WENT SHOPPING WITH ME, THEN LUNCH AT THE COUNTRY CLUB, AND TO-NIGHT WE'RE TAKING HIM TO 'THE ELEVATOR, MURDER,' THAT NEW SHOW HIS DADDY'S BEEN SO CRAZY TO SEE. TAKE YOUR HAT OFF TO THE LADY, ARTHUR!"

**"It Seems There Were Two
Irishmen - - - -"**

THE inveterate after-dinner speaker presented himself confidently at the Pearly Gates. He shoved against them but they failed to open.

"It's no use," said St. Peter, appearing. "They're locked."

"What! I can't get in?" demanded the postprandial orator, as he liked to hear himself referred to in the papers. "Why can't I get in?"

"You've been blackballed," the Gate-keeper informed him.

"Why in the world?..."

"By two influential angels. They say you've been taking their names in vain," St. Peter declared.

"Who...?"

"Here they come now," St. Peter warned.

The after-dinner speaker hastily departed as St. Patrick and St. Michael approached. *Fairfax Downey.*

**What All City Farmers
Should Know**

THE farmer gets up in the dark and has been there ever since.

Agriculture was known long before we had the big better produce men.

It doesn't pay to milk fifty cows if they are all dry.

City cousins can eat more at one sitting than the whole farm family could digest in two days.

J. A. S.



"HIGH-HATTIN' US CUZ HE'S GOT ADENOIDS, TH' SNOB!"

Souvenir

IT was warm, it was comfortable, it radiated an atmosphere of cheer and good will.

The married man sought it when driven to exasperation by his wife's constant admonitions to fix the draw in the furnace or that bedroom window that squeaked so terribly. The single man turned to it when he felt in the mood for companionship and sympathy.

Soft-spoken, soft-footed attendants

ministered to your every need. No order had to be repeated; no half-expressed wish ever went unfulfilled.

Gleaming mirrors gazed down upon you from the walls. All was spotless, immaculate.

There the sound of woman's voice was never heard. It was man's final sanctuary, unquestioned, inviolate. Did a wife go thither bearing a message for her lord, she must wait by the door—*outside*—until it should be relayed in to him.

An air of luxurious inexpensiveness somehow pervaded it. There the clerk rubbed elbows with the capitalist, the mason with the magnate. For a trifling outlay of a dime or fifteen cents the best in the establishment was at your service. It was the realization of the spirit of democracy—the spirit of America.

It was the poor man's club, the rich man's haven.

Heavens, no, I'm not speaking about the saloon—but don't you sometimes miss the old-fashioned barber shop?

Tip Bliss.

In Scotland

SANDY (*on the first tee*): Shall we bet thr'pence on the round, Jock?

JOCK: Na, na, Sandy, I canna play under pressure.



THIS DAY AND AGE

Smart Kid: HEY, MISTER! GIT AN AUTOMOBILE!



MARCH 11, 1926

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President

R. E. SHERWOOD, Editor
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IT might seem as if Secretary of Labor Davis, as the person on whom most conspicuously rests the responsibility for making an ass of the United States in the Cathcart

case, might now with propriety be escorted to one of the back benches of the Government or even left out of it altogether. But the truth is, as Commissioner Curran points out, that the phrasing of the Immigration Law is more to blame for the absurd Cathcart complication than any of the officials who tried to enforce it. The administration of that law as it now stands calls for a mind subtle enough to distinguish between words and facts; to interpret the law as well as to execute it. Mr. Davis' mind does not seem to be of an order and quality that can be properly directed to a job as discriminating as all that, and no such high-class John-Marshall quality should be expected in him or in the subordinate immigration officers. Yet after the inspectors pinched Lady Cathcart aboard the boat as a criminal, there seems to have been no power in any one to modify their decision until you got it up to Secretary Davis. Mr. Curran, the Commissioner, is quite without authority to interpret the law when it is passed up to him by an inspector. It is a good deal as though a police case had to go from a policeman to the Supreme Court without intervention of magistrates. Mr. Curran is for having the law amended immediately, so that the inspectors can understand the proper grounds of exclusion.

We ought to be thankful to Lady Cathcart for what she has done for us.

Of course our Government, like all other governments, is incorrigibly fallible and needs to have its foolishness exhibited from time to time. Public exposure with resounding yells from newspapers is about the only manner of correction that it is amenable to.

SO far as can be judged by an outsider, Lady Cathcart has had a bally time. Ellis Island may not be just the hotel one would choose for a pleasure visit, but she has been safe there, protected from the admiring public and sufficiently from the newspapers. Compared with the heroes of the Roosevelt she has had far the best of it. They were dragged about day after day, over-fed, over-cheered, over-exhibited and obliged to stand up under a lot of public talk without due opportunity for response, whereas the visiting Countess has had a lively and pleasant fight and has taken to it most kindly, and talked freely and yet not too freely into the public ear. She is a valuable visitor. Let us hope she will never do anything that would prevent her frequent return to these hospitable shores.



OUR world and the world generally is full of nice fights. There is that one in Italy. Mussolini trying to reconcile the Pope to Fascism, and the Pope with his consecrated thumb to his reverend nose waving fingers at him, rings and all. Mussolini plans it that the Papal Court shall be reconciled to Italy. The Pope demurs, and a large part of the reading world looks on with the sentiment of the woman whose husband was fighting the bear—Go it, bear; go it, husband!

Then here, besides the flurry over the Immigration Law, there is constant and encouraging bickering over the Volstead Act. Be it observed that when the Amendment was passed the Drys were on the offensive, but nowadays all of the attack is by the Wets and it is the Drys who defend. When Prohibition began, a large majority of the people hated rum worse than they did Prohibition, but now and every day the company is increasing that hates Prohibition worse than it does rum. That is a real change and significant.



MR. BUCKNER, our local District Attorney, has his hands full all the time with crimes that are not criminal, to the great prejudice, as he gladly admits, of his activities in pursuit of crimes that are crimes. Not only has he been implicated in the effort to extricate the credit of the Government from the muddle over Lady Cathcart, but he meets with embarrassments even in his modest efforts to enforce the Dry Law. Perhaps he welcomes these latter incidents as precursors of his eventual escape from the Dry Law altogether. He has padlocked or threatens to padlock the Hotel Brevoort and defends it by saying there can be no discrimination between places where rum is sold. But the *World* points out to him with much pith that the basis of his particular method of Dry Law enforcement is discrimination. It has been so from the start. He picks the people he would prosecute and lets the others slide. He has said that is all he can do. To pick the Brevoort for discipline is very unpopular and that may be why he did it, for he has never admitted a belief in Volstead or ethical sympathy with his views.

A great deal more than rum is involved in the anti-Volstead fight. It is a part of a great war that is now on—the war between materialism and spirituality; the war between force and free will; the war for world peace. The Prohibitionists are lined up on the side of force. They are for compulsory conduct. Some day they will discover it, or some of them will, and very much dismayed a lot of zealous people will be when it is disclosed to them what they are doing.

E. S. Martin.



A Suggestion for Our Cathedral Builders

Proposed Design for a Memorial Window to Moral Turpitude

LIF



Bathing t

LIFE



ing the Baby

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Craig's Wife. *Moroso*—A well-told story of a woman who fixed up her house at the expense of her home.

Cyrano de Bergerac. *Hampden's*—Walter Hampden's revival of one of the world's fine plays.

The Dybbuk. *Neighborhood*—Jewish mysticism which ought to hand you a couple of thrills.

East Lynne. *Provincetown*—To be reviewed later.

Easy Virtue. *Empire*—Jane Cowl in the old story of the unpopular daughter-in-law, somehow made new.

The Enemy. *Times Square*—A sermon against War, with Fay Bainter.

Goat Song. *Guild*—A highly moving thing to see, if you don't worry about its meaning.

The Great Gatsby. *Ambassador*—A true and moving adaptation of the novel, with James Rennie.

The Great God Brown. *Garrick*—Eugene O'Neill's mask-play, containing much symbolism and much beauty.

The Green Hat. *Broadhurst*—Fifty-cent sex issue.

Hedda Gabler. *Comedy*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Jazz Singer. *Cort*—George Jessel in Jewish sentimental trouble.

The Jest. *Plymouth*—Florentine rough-stuff with Basil Sydney, Violet Heming and Alphonzo Ethier.

A Lady's Virtue. *Beijou*—What happens when two women like the Nash Sisters love one man like Robert Warwick.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—The vivid and spectacular career of a colored dancer, with Lenore Ulric and Henry Hull.

The Makropoulos Secret. *Charles Hopkins*—The tale of a woman who knew how to live three hundred years. Helen Menken as the woman.

The Monkey Talks. *National*—Circus doings of a man with the face of an ape and the heart of a man.

The Night Duel. *Mansfield*—Marjorie Rambeau in something else.

The Shanghai Gesture. *Martin Beck*—Florence Reed in Chinese sex-work.

Still Waters. *Henry Miller's*—To be reviewed later.

Twelve Miles Out. *Playhouse*—Rousing deep-sea melodrama.

The Virgin. *Maxine Elliott's*—To be reviewed later.

Young Woodley. *Belmont*—Glenn Hunter in a beautiful play of adolescent yearnings.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Everybody up!

Alias the Deacon. *Huason*—Regulation crook stuff.

The Butter-and-Egg Man. *Longacre*—Gregory Kelly showing how easy it is to drop a couple of thousand on Broadway.

Cradle Snatchers. *Music Box*—Loud laughter of a sort.

Easy Come, Easy Go. *Biltmore*—Otto Kruger and Victor Moore in buckety-buckety farce.

Is Zat So? *Central*—Prizefighting comedy which certainly ought to get by.

Laff That Off. *Wallack's*—Good enough.

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney. *Fulton*—Ina Claire, Roland Young and A. E. Matthews in civilized crookery.

Love 'Em and Leave 'Em. *Sam H. Harris*—A tender little play about department-store clerks which has many fine points.

Mama Loves Papa. *Forrest*—To be reviewed later.

One of the Family. *Elttinge*—Grant Mitchell and a Boston family of trouble-makers.

The Patsy. *Booth*—Very pleasant.

Puppy Love. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Noisy in spite of Vivian Martin.

A Weak Woman. *Ritz*—Estelle Winwood and the Morgan Brothers in delicate French dirt.

The Wisdom Tooth. *Little*—To be reviewed next week.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Winter Garden*—Phil Baker and the Hoffmann Girls.

The Bunk of 1926. *Heckscher*—To be reviewed next week.

By the Way. *Gaiety*—Very nice British revue, with Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge.

The Cocoanuts. *Lyric*—Die Gebrüder Marx and very funny.

Dearest Enemy. *Knickerbocker*—Helen Ford in an equally pretty show.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Chanin's*—Florence Moore and Tom Howard furnishing what comedy there is in all this beauty.

Merry, Merry. *Vanderbilt*—Fast and furious.

A Night in Paris. *Casino de Paris*—Good French work.

No, No, Nanette. *Globe*—Still going.

Princess Flavia. *Shubert*—Big.

Song of the Flame. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Just as big.

The Student Prince. *Century*—Hi-ho.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—Marilyn Miller in a grand show.

Tip-Toes. *Liberty*—One of the best.

The Vagabond King. *Casino*—Old-fashioned operetta.

Vanities of 1926. *Earl Carroll*—For comedy—Joe Cook, Julius Tannen and Frank Tinney.



COLLUSION

"JACK IS THE KINDEST, SWEETEST, MOST CONSIDERATE MAN IN THE WORLD!"

"WHY THE OUTBURST?"

"HE'S GOING TO LET ME GET A DIVORCE ON THE GROUNDS OF EXTREME CRUELTY."



The Ibsen Girl

THE trustees of the Henrik Ibsen estate must have had a busy winter with their press-clippings, for New York has been sporting no fewer than four Ibsen plays at a time and now the country at large is to have the benefit of Miss Eva Le Gallienne's energetic efforts at Ibsen revival. We looked up the Ibsen dates, thinking that all this to-do was connected in some way with his birth or death, but his centenary is two years off. What there will be left to do then we can't imagine, unless the New York *Times* literary supplement runs an article on "Ibsen, 1828-1928." Maybe wires can be pulled to assure this tribute.



MISS LE GALLIENNE has been the most ardent reviver of the Good Gray Poet. Hardly a special matinee has gone by but what the young actress could be seen in some old dress or other, gazing straight ahead and speaking in that ominous monotone which is the mark of all Ibsen expression. They have to talk that way or they might sound too much like real folks.

But we can not see why they have to dress in the fashion of the 1890's. For one time it was interesting enough, but now nothing of Ibsen's seems able to be done without dressing the men up to look like members of the '93 Debating Team and the women like Mary Anderson. (Not that they *do* look like Mary Anderson.) There is nothing inherently eighteen-nineties about Ibsen. There are no references to the Spanish fleet or to the Norwegian Grover Cleveland of the time. It is all right for research purposes to see what people wore when "Hedda Gabler" was first produced, but the parlor-furnishings and gentlemen's collars of the time, when seen in revival after revival, become pretty darned depressing. Why not follow the lead of *Hamlet* and let us see *George Tesman* in a dress-suit that is a dress-suit? "More Ibsen in modern clothes!" is our cry.



TO return to Miss Le Gallienne, always a satisfactory procedure. In her productions of "The Master Builder" and "John Gabriel Borkman," she has given us two of the less-revived works of Ibsen, the former, to our way of

thinking, not so impressive; the latter one of the best. Unfortunately, in "John Gabriel Borkman," Miss Le Gallienne has chosen to conceal her own exalted youthfulness under the spinsterly make-up of *Ella Rentheim*. Now Miss Le Gallienne's youth is a quality which will not be so soon denied, and with *Aunt Ella's* period hat perched high on her grayed hair and pencil lines to indicate the ravages of time which are not there, she looks more like my sister's daughter "dressing-up like Mumsey" than an inhibited Ibsen aunt. She is much more suited to the rôle of the heroine of "The Master Builder," and were it not for the final scene, when every one stands about watching *Halvard Solness* fall off the tower much in the manner of an on-stage crowd watching Big Boy win an off-stage handicap, "The Master Builder" would be her prize production. As it is, we are most grateful to Miss Le Gallienne for having brought "John Gabriel Borkman" into our life, for we had never seen it before and have a feeling that we shall never see it again.



THERE is no question that we shall see "Hedda Gabler" again. Whenever a season begins to drag, some producing company or other sends *Hedda* out into right field to limber up with her pistols. It is a grand show and they can't revive it too many times, especially as every revival seems to have Dudley Digges for *Tesman*.

The Actors' Theatre this time has selected Emily Stevens for *Hedda*, a choice which has been a rather obvious one for some years. Miss Stevens is a bit explicit in her interpretation, expressing everything facially even to a desire to have the door shut, but she is Ibsen's *Hedda*—there is no question about that.



THEN, for a few special matinees, there was "Little Eyolf." This play, as done here, is practically a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Ibsen spirit. In it every one walks about chatting sepulchrally on exclusively cosmic topics, no one seems quite sure whether it is Monday or September, nor cares, and there is a general feeling that Death would furnish comic relief to the proceedings. This is a tendency that Mr. Ibsen will have to watch or it will get the better of him.

Robert Benchley.



"PHWAT TH' DIVIL DO THEY DO WID ALL TH' DURT THEY TAKE OUT O' TH' SOOBWAY, DINNIS?"
 "OI DUNNO. IF THEY'D GIVE IT TO ME OI'D DOM' SOON HAVE THOT LITTLE THRUCK-FARM TH'
 WOIFE AN' ME'S BEEN DREAMIN' ABOUT."

I Wonder What a President Thinks About

HMM! Looks like snow. Maybe rain. Let's see what the paper says. "Fair with variable winds." You can't believe anything in the papers; they don't know any more about the weather than anybody else. What the dickens is a variable wind, anyhow? ...Good morning, Senator. Yes, the White House spokesman assures me that the President assures him he intends to take a firm stand on the immigration question. Good day, Senator....

Don't have the same kind of weather we used to have when I was a boy. Up in Vermont. Wonder how many taxicabs there are in the world. Must be millions....Good morning, Secretary. No, the White House spokesman says the President hasn't yet formulated an opinion on the coal situation. Good day, Secretary....

Funny thing about that murder in New York. I bet the police know who did it. Covering somebody up. Wonder how many miles a letter carrier walks every day. Must be millions. You'd think the women didn't wear any stockings at all, nowadays. They're so thin. Wonder why that dog yaps all

the time....Good morning, Mr. Ambassador. The White House spokesman reports the President's policy to be unchanged in regard to Taen-Arica. Good day, Mr. Ambassador....

Wonder what we're going to have for lunch. Hope it isn't veal. I'm sick



The Tightrope-Walker: I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO DAD WHEN HE TOLD ME NOT TO STRAY FROM THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH!

of veal. Wish I could see a manhole blow up sofe time. Always reading about manholes blowing up. Never have the luck to see one. Wonder who invented velvet collars on overcoats. Silly idea....Good morning, Commissioner. The White House spokesman declares the President's views on Prohibition are unchanged. Good day, Commissioner....

Wonder who buys all these true-story things. Wish I could make the ends of a bow tie come out even. Don't like that new pointed style. Wonder how much radio annoucers get. Wonder how they get rid of all the rabbits on sale in pet stores. Wonder why they pack little tin tongs in candy boxes. Nobody uses 'em....Good morning, Gentlemen of the Press....

Tip Bliss.

Worth the Price

COLE: Did you buy that office building for investment purposes?

DOLE: Not exactly. I understand there's a bottle of real bourbon in the corner-stone.

Our Forecast for March Seventeenth

IN accordance with its usual enterprise, LIFE offers its readers the following exclusive predictions for March Seventeenth:

The Hearst papers will be printed either with a green cover-sheet or with a front-page streamer head in green ink, indicating a belief that there are more Irishmen than Englishmen among the prospective readers in the Greater City.

75,234 Jewish neckwear salesmen will put on sprigs of shamrock and expose themselves for the purpose of hearing customers remark, "You're a fine Irishman, Irvinik!"

36,984,237 citizens will greet one another with the following *bon mot*: "Well, Joe, going to march this afternoon? Hahahaha."

48,222 plump and jovial suburbanites will scare Tony half to death by saying with mock ferocity, "Hey, don't you know you can be arrested for putting oranges on your stand to-day?"

917,005 office-workers will create reputations for wit by saying (*a*), "Where's your green tie, O'Donnell?" or (*b*), "Take off that green tie, Meyer!"

82,322,000 will plan to see the parade, but will go to the movies instead because of the rain. *Ernest F. Hubbard.*

From a Club Chair

WHEN a man has lived long enough to have learned to appreciate good food, he has grown old enough to be on a diet forbidding his eating it.

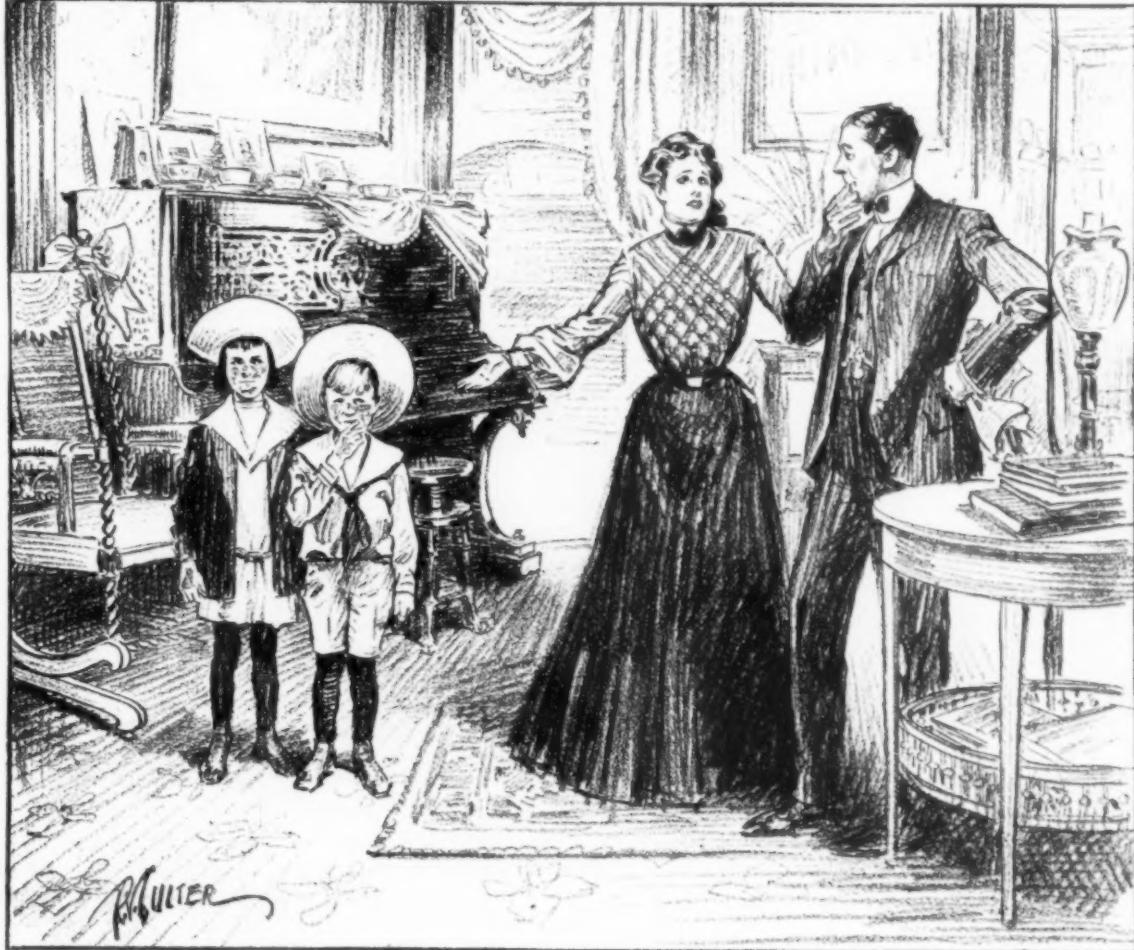
* * *

The most encouraging achievement of our times has been the diverting of gold braid from the Army and Navy to the uniforms of our hotel doorkeepers.

* * *

Somehow or other, Lost Causes always provide the most statuary.

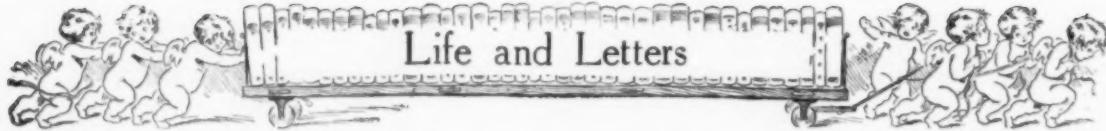
James Kevin McGuinness.



THE GAY NINETIES

BACK IN THE EARLY WELSBACK ERA, WHEN ANTHRACITE WAS STEADILY CLIMBING TO \$4.50 A TON, THE YOUNGER GENERATION SUDDENLY BROKE OUT WITH THE DECALCOMANIA MANIA.

Life and Letters



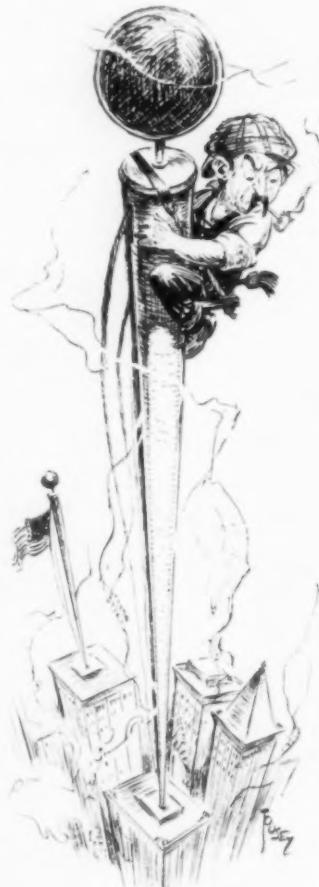
A NOVEL by a woman who has lived in Washington and heard a lot of political talk is usually read at the reader's own risk, for even a child of ten knows that along about page eighty a Senator in ill-fitting evening clothes will hold up a dinner with a long harangue on some current legislative issue, and that a little later a young attaché of a foreign embassy will pour out his soul in polite but uncongenial surroundings on the international situation. There is a beautiful disregard in our national capital of what the etiquette books say about broaching topics of religious or political significance where more than two or three are gathered together. But at least Minton, Balch & Co. give fair warning on the jacket of "Glass Houses," for they state that it was written by the Countess Gazyka, "who has always been prominently identified with social and official life."

"Glass Houses" begins in the Senate chamber, and calls eight or nine of our prominent legislators by their first names in the opening paragraph. Senator Borah is even set down as entering cautiously and "raking the ladies' gallery fore and aft with a bold, magnetic eye," whereof Watson may make what he will. The leading characters, moreover, are introduced at the outset, from the young French diplomat who has come over to land an heiress to the mysterious bachelor maid from out of the West who finally lands *him*. They are plunged at once into the high jinks of the smartest social set, but unfortunately the prosperity of a Washingtonian novel's wit and sparkle lies, like that of a jest, more in the ear of him that heareth than in the Remington of a publisher's blurb-writer. The people in these pages are puppets, and their deeds and dialogue extremely sophomoric. What is even worse, the book goes Zane Greyish along about the middle, and the reader is kept out in the open air, far from the pseudo-scintillation, until the finish.

There is one observation in "Glass Houses"—and it should interfere seriously with its metropolitan circulation—to the effect that women decorators should be limited by law to lamp shades and sofa cushions.

"JERICHO SANDS," by Mary Borden (*Knopf*), is one of those novels written by an innocent bystander from papers left behind by one of the principal characters in

which the innocent bystander confesses on every tenth page that he doesn't know what it is all about, would never be writing it at all save for the whim of some important person who must be indulged, and is trying his best to piece together from his memory as well as the records events which will make the story more credible, coherent, etc. And yet, in spite of this obvious attempt to make things easier by passing the narrational buck, Miss Borden has turned out a strong story, admirably set, properly padded and inevitably concluded. The innocent bystander who tells it is one *William Tweedle*, an elderly English countryside resident whose misfortune it is to watch a charming girl, the daughter of one of his closest friends, marry the wrong man and elope with the right one. The underlying theme is the havoc which "this thing called love" can sometimes work in the world, and the mystified *Mr. Tweedle* sets his own pitch in the beginning by a statement with which I agree thoroughly: "I am an old man and a snob; that is to say, I like people who know how to behave, and prefer any day a dull gentleman who doesn't tread on my toes to a raving enthusiast or a demented lover." But there were *Simon* and *Crab* and *Priscilla*, so what could be done, when *Simon's* mother got after him, but write "Jericho Sands"?



Jimmy the Steeplejack: DARN THE LUCK! I'VE GONE AN' LEFT ME CAN O' PAINT IN THE BASEMENT!

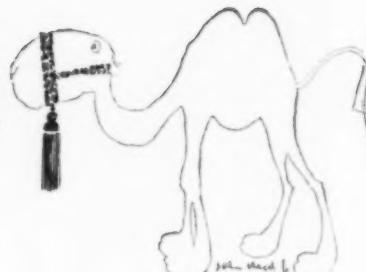
Saunderson as a solution to a problem which she could not exactly define, although it must be set down to the author's credit that she ascribes to *B.-S.* a vague physical attraction for *Zina*. But she leans a little backwards, I think, in making *Zina* almost indifferent to the small son of this union merely because his father was not the man she loved. Of course it turns out that *Colin* (Continued on page 31)



There is a finality about the new 90-degree Cadillac, and all it does, that is attracting new thousands to the supreme satisfaction of Cadillac ownership. In Cadillac they are finding motor car prestige, distinguished performance, transcendent luxury—everything that goes to endow a motor car with personality. They are now members of that numerous and ever-growing group who hold fast to the thought and the certainty that Cadillac is literally the standard of the world.

Priced at \$2995 upward, F. O. B. Detroit





Anything to Oblige

ACORRESPONDENT who signs himself M. A. Hawkins wants to know why I review so few pictures on this page.

"You used to be on the job," he writes. "You listed five or six new pictures every week, and made a fairly successful attempt to cover the field. Now, two films a week is par for the course. If you are sick of going to the movies, why don't you turn over your job to some one who is competent to handle it? Not that I or any one else cares for your opinions, but the readers of LIFE do want to know what the new pictures are, and who is in them. So snap out of it, you big stiff, and give your readers (if any) a little service."

Infuriated by these remarks, I have within the past seven days been to see no fewer than eight feature pictures, a total of sixty-nine reels. That represents, in linear measure, over thirteen miles of celluloid, which, if laid end to end, would take eleven and a half hours to pass a given point.

The pictures in question are, "Three Faces East," "Partners Again," "What Happened to Jones," "Mare Nostrum," "Dancing Mothers," "The Big Parade," "The Merry Widow," and "Moana."

The last three of these, to be sure, are repeaters, but they are productions that can bear frequent inspection.

I DIDN'T say enough for "Moana" in my review last week, for the good and sufficient reason that enough can't easily be said. "Moana" is the result of a worthy effort by Robert Flaherty to establish the true importance of the motion picture camera as an instrument of both art and science.

The world is full of subjects for Mr. Flaherty's observant camera, and he must be given the chance to find them, even though he is compelled to do so without the encouragement or

support of those shortsighted penny-snatchers who control the moving picture business.

"Three Faces East"

THE current vogue of war pictures is all very well, but it should not be permitted to include all the spy dramas that flourished in the dark years from 1914 to 1918. Nobody cares now whether the *Herr Kapitan von Kruttke*, masquerading as *Sir Nigel Nasmith*, is operating a secret wireless or not.

"Three Faces East," therefore, is exceedingly obsolete, being concerned exclusively with underground intrigue, codes, passwords, stolen orders and the proposed destruction of London. Every character in the piece is viewed with suspicion; every scene is so contrived as to baffle the spectator.

Nevertheless, granting its untimeliness, "Three Faces East" is surprisingly exciting and exceptionally well played. If you can forget what it's about, you're almost sure to like it.

"Dancing Mothers"

IN "Dancing Mothers" we find another wornout theme; in this case, there are no extenuating circumstances. It is a trite, stupid and thoroughly unimpressive picture, containing the usual tirade against the jazz-mad younger generation, and the usual desperate upheaval among the old folks.

Perhaps this variety of insincere moralizing is still popular with the twelve-year-old adults for whom and by whom the movies are conducted. I still cling to the belief, however, that the public is not so dumb as it is painted.

"What Happened to Jones"

THE aged farce, "What Happened to Jones," which flourished originally in the Gay Nineties, has been converted

into a high-powered vehicle for the active Reginald Denny, with generally satisfactory results.

Mr. Denny is improving rapidly as a comedian; he is exercising more restraint, and suppressing the impulse to mug strenuously in every emergency. Here he invades a Turkish bath on ladies' night, emerges in women's clothes, impersonates a bishop, officiates at the wedding of his own fiancée, and so forth.

There is plenty of opportunity for wild comedy, and Mr. Denny carries it off well. He receives excellent support from Zasu Pitts and Otis Harlan.

"Partners Again"

THE latest installment in the Potash and Perlmutter series was directed by Henry King, whose work in "Tol'able David," "The White Sister" and "Stella Dallas" has not tended to establish him as a master of comedy. "Partners Again" adds nothing to his reputation in this respect.

For a while, this adaptation of Montague Glass's play manages to conform to the high standard of the Potash and Perlmutter school of humor. But then the attempted witticisms assume a frantic aspect, and the story resolves itself into an orgy of senseless, humorless horseplay.

Henry King had better stick to sentiment, for which he has a genuine flair.

"Mare Nostrum"

THERE is no room for a review of the new Rex Ingram picture, "Mare Nostrum," and I shall have to hold it over for next week.

Suffice it to say that "Mare Nostrum," in my estimation, is the best of Ingram's productions since "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

R. E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 34)

A Promise Fulfilled

To carry through one of the greatest expansion programs in automobile history, Dodge Brothers, Inc. invested more than \$10,000,000 in new buildings and advanced new equipment.

Remarkable new mechanical processes were perfected, making it possible, in many instances, for one machine to do the work formerly done by six, eight and ten machines—and do it better.

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The Young Folk

"What," asks one of our editors, "is the trouble with the young folk?"

Glad you asked us. We know the truth down to the gnat's heel.

The first thing is that they are young.

The second thing is that they are contaminated by association with their parents.

Otherwise the young are all right in spite of the company they keep—at home!

—Emporia Gazette.

Prosaique

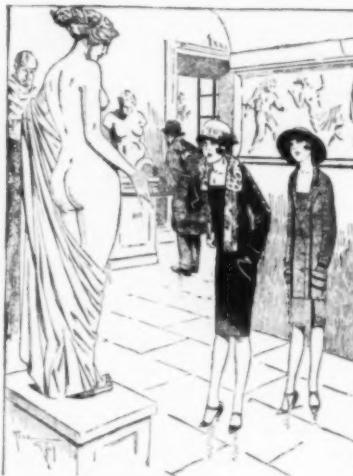
There was a young lady named Rose, who always wrote verses as prose. Had they scanned, we might spot what was meant to be what; but they didn't, and nobody knows.—Cambridge Granta.

ENRAGED TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBER (*cut off for the third time*): Say, central, what's the idea of the clôture?

—Detroit News.

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"JUST THE SAME, THE WOMEN OF THOSE DAYS SEEM TO HAVE HAD NO FIGURES AT ALL."

—Le Rire (Paris).

Ex Cathedra

A Bishop in India prided himself on saying the right and tactful word to every one he met, and by reason of his office he was not accustomed to find his remarks questioned.

"So strange I should run up against you, dear madam," he said, "because I was chatting only a few minutes since with your two dear children."

"Bishop," said the lady, "I have no children."

"Are you sure?" he asked earnestly.
—*Passing Show (London)*, from "I Like to Remember," by W. Pett Ridge.

What's Wrong with the Movies

MOVIE-GOING MOTHER (*to friend*): Yeh, I stopped takin' the kids to the Rialto Theatre. Too many educational pitchers!—*Saturday Evening Post*.

"A FEW months ago some one told Jenny Becker she had a nice profile, and she's been living sideways ever since."

—*Farm and Fireside*.

He: Well, the days are getting longer.

She: When did you get married?

—*Smith's Weekly (Sydney)*.

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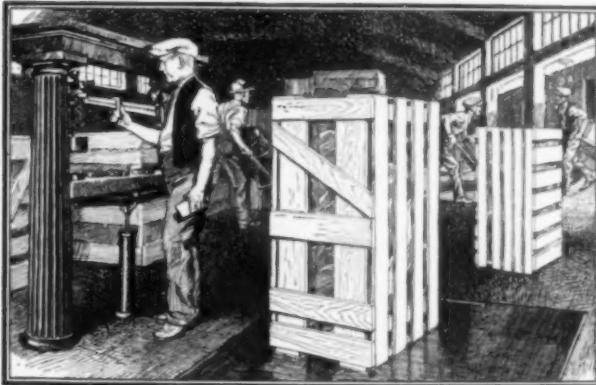
ESTABLISHED 1818
*Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,*
MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET, N. Y.



Clothes for the Horseman

Special Equipment for
Polo

BOSTON PALM BEACH NEWPORT
LITTLE BUILDING PLAZA BUILDING AUDRAIN BUILDING
TREMONT COR. BOYLSTON COUNTY ROAD 220 BELLEVUE AVENUE



Every Shipper who is hunting for Savings in the Cost of doing Business will read this Message

What is Crating Lumber?

THREE items of cost go into every crate or box used by a manufacturer in shipping his goods:

- Lumber to make the crate.
- Labor to make the crate.
- Freight cost on the weight of the crate.

In this last item, *freight costs*, there is often a very substantial saving to be made by *more informed choice* of crating lumber.

Here are three instances that illustrate the point. They are taken from the note books of the Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers. Hundreds of others could be cited. The names of these clients are not cited here but we shall be glad to furnish them on request.

Instance No. 1—Wood formerly used an excellent wood but too heavy for crating light shipments. Crates re-designed using Weyerhaeuser White Pine. Weight saving of 82 pounds on each unit shipped. Average freight rate, \$1.00 per hundred. Money saved by lighter and better crate, 82 cents per unit.

Instance No. 2—Another instance of a light commodity crated with a cheap but far too heavy wood. New crate design recommended using light weight Weyerhaeuser Cedar. The Cedar cost \$6.50 per thousand feet *more* than the wood formerly used. But the freight saving came to \$11.00 per thousand feet. Net saving, \$4.50 for every thousand feet of

lumber used—a total of \$2,700 saving per year.

Instance No. 3—For this heavy export case, Weyerhaeuser Fir and Larch furnished the necessary strength and still saved 210 pounds per case over wood formerly used. Freight rate 96 cents per hundred. Rate of shipment, 25 export cases per day—money saving with Fir and Larch about \$19.00 per day—or \$5,700 per year.

NOW please note: All of the savings noted above were due entirely to the lighter weight of the crating lumber selected in place of the lumber formerly used.

But that is only part of the story. It does not take into account the savings in labor. These Weyerhaeuser Crating Lumbers work more easily and with less splitting.

There is also a saving in waste. You buy a uniform grade, all of which is usable.

And beyond that there was in each instance a saving in the quantity of lumber required. Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers are specialists in crate design. In most instances they can show how to make a better crate with *less* lumber.

The shipper who is looking for a supply of the *right kind* of crating lumber is invited to get in touch with the nearest Weyerhaeuser representative.

A booklet "Better Crating" will be sent on request.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA

Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

Also producers of Idaho Red Cedar poles for telephone and electric transmission lines.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 806 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis; and with representatives throughout the country.





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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

Height Makes the Man

We low men didn't realize how dissatisfied our wives were with us until our sons began reaching manhood. Of course we have known all along that we didn't look commanding, but we didn't think our wives were less proud of us on this account. Now, however, we realize that our low stature has been humiliating to them for all these years. We know it because they are so proud of the height of the tall sons. "Yes, he is four inches taller than his papa," the low man's wife says to her friends, "and I think he will grow some yet." And then, to keep husband from getting any of the credit, she explains the boy's height by saying that all of her brothers are tall.

—Claude Callan, in *Milwaukee Journal*.

Dot Dope!

A Milt Gross character, who called it the Cholston, and his girl were barred at the door of a night club which has successfully kept out the commoner. The uniformed lackey explained to the East Sider that he couldn't enter because he was not dressed correctly. But the dialectician failed to understand.

Pointing to a sign on the door, which read: "Only Those in Evening Dress Admitted," the doorman thundered: "Can't you read?"

"Certantil!" yelled the East Sider. "Who's smoking?"

—*New York Graphic*.

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grape Fruit: a delicious breakfast tonic. Sample bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamp. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Nemesis in Bullskin

Clum Jacobs of Bullskin, a store-and-six-house suburb of our town, followed his wife to a corn-husking one night, and when she danced he levelled a gun through the window and shot her.

"Why did you do this thing?" asked the justice before whom he was taken.

"No wife of mine can commit dancing on Sunday!" he replied.

—O. O. McIntyre, in
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Beggars Would Ride

LADY (*to tramp*): It must be very demoralizing, going about the country begging. Don't you ever wish for something better?

TRAMP: Yes, mum. I'd like to do it in a motor.—*Punch*.

A Good Bad Memory

MAID (*at door*): Madam forgot to leave the money for your bill.

CREDITOR: How do you know she forgot?

MAID: She told me so when she went out.—*Sans-Gêne* (*Paris*).

In spite of the most favorable health statistics, we regret to say that in too many vicinities the best way to prolong life is to throw up your hands.—*Collier's*.

The dread Pyorrhea begins with bleeding gums



FOR THE GUMS

BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT

FORMULA OF

R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

NEW YORK CITY

SPECIALIST IN
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH

PREPARED FOR THE
PRESCRIPTION OF THE
DENTAL PROFESSION

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea. Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for diseasegerms to enter the system—infesting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea attacks *four out of five* people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gum! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and clean. Brush your teeth with it.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes
All Drugists

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
FORHAN CO.
100 6th Ave., N. Y.
Forhan's, Ltd.,
Montreal

The Cherry

The cherry is an ill-bred fruit,

Its manners are primordial.

But soaking it with alcohol

Will make the cherry cordial.

—*New Yorker*.

PULLMAN Smoker—A place where strangers annoy one another with their presence.—*Columbia (S. C.) State*.



Life and Letters

(Continued from page 24)

hasn't been killed at all, and when he and Zina meet again, she waits to see whether or not her husband wins his election—she's not going to leave him if he doesn't (very parliamentarian, these English)—before going out into the night with him. It's getting to be more and more an axiom of modern fiction that love not only finds a way, but actually crashes the gate.

ALL those who like light verse will be interested to know that some of the best specimens submitted to Franklin P. Adams for his newspaper column have been collected between covers under the title of "The Conning Tower Book" (*Macy-Masius*).

Baird Leonard.

Among the New Books

Tinsel. By Charles Hanson Towne (*Appleton*). What a successful social climber from the West discovered after the tumult and shouting had died. Lively and contemporary.

The Golden Beast. By E. Phillips Oppenheim (*Little, Brown*). The latest opus of one of my favorite yarn-spinners, in which the curse of a game-keeper's daughter gets all mixed up with the Mosaic law. To be reviewed later, and I don't mean "maybe."

Stanley Johns' Wife. By Katherine Haviland Taylor (*Doran*). A novel in which a wise and understanding wife is put to a lot of trouble by a husband who happens to meet up with a nymph. To be reviewed later.

Spanish Bayonet. By Stephen Vincent Benét (*Doran*). An historical romance of Florida in Revolutionary days with a local news value extremely different from what we have been hearing lately.

The Modern Library. "Wuthering Heights," by Emily Brontë, and "Poor White," by Sherwood Anderson.

Fifty Candles. By Earl Derr Biggers (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Two murders at a birthday party, and how they came about.

Three Kingdoms. By Storm Jameson (*Knopf*). In which the problem of whether a woman may have a husband, children and a career all at the same time is gone into by one of the most promising younger English novelists.

On an Island That Cost \$24. By Irvin S. Cobb (*Doran*). Tales of a few things that have happened in Manhattan told by an expert reporter who knows every corner of it.

The Man the Women Loved. By Ruby M. Ayres (*Doran*). Don't say the title didn't warn you. Not to be reviewed later.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. By Anita Loos (*Boni & Liveright*). It is rumored that there is a woman living in Carthage, N. Y., who has not yet read this amazing and amusing piece of modern satire.

The Clio. By L. H. Myers (*Scribner*). A smart, sophisticated novel peopled by characters who have a fair and intelligent idea of what everything is all about.

B. L.

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Under One Famous Name

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NOISELESS TYPEWRITER



PORTABLE TYPEWRITER



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Paragon Ribbons
and
Red Seal Carbon
Papers
always make good
impressions —

A Remington for Every Purpose

REMINGTON, and only Remington, today meets every office problem with a writing machine for every purpose. For executive offices and under every condition where quiet is desirable, for the general office where correspondence machines must withstand severe service, for stencil cutting and tabulating, for the personal use of executives and salesmen, for bookkeeping, cost accounting, payroll work—for each service there is exactly the right Remington.

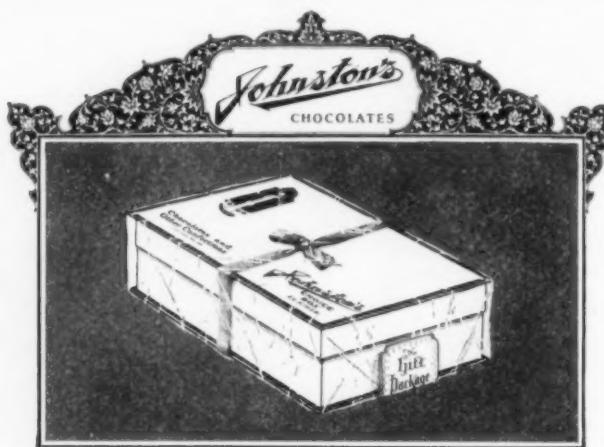
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Whatever your requirements may be, whether they include the complete Remington line or only certain of its units, we are in exceptional position to solve your problems. We offer you Remington service with all the attendant advantages of standardization under the one famous name. Branches in all principal cities of the world are ready to assist you.

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The Distinction of a Gift of Johnston's Chocolates



You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.

THE sophisticated giver well knows the value of Johnston's for paying social "debts,"—for Johnston's is always correct.

The secret of its good-ness is one of a generation's standing. Today...because of it, Johnston's has won a pinnacle place among the finethings that have become part of our daily lives.



ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · MILWAUKEE · MINNEAPOLIS · SAN FRANCISCO

Defective

GERMAN scientists have made gold in a laboratory at a cost of \$2,133,-000 an ounce. But the fact that the synthetic product cannot be distinguished from the cheap natural metal renders the discovery of little value to the jewelry trade.

Avoid Imitations



INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAW
FOR THAT COUGH!



Without a Fumble

THE saleswoman patted the hat affectionately. "Now you look like you just came off a boat. It's our latest model. Right from Paris, madam. The smartest thing. We're always way ahead. Have you looked at the back? You'll love the back. It makes you look younger, taller. You need something to make you look taller, younger. Forty dollars. A bargain. So smart, so different. I said to the girls this morning, 'If that hat is here to-night I'll buy it myself.' Didn't I, girls? The new things go like that, madam. I wish Miss Goldberg, our manager, was here to see you in that hat. She loves to see our hats worn by the right people. You know what I mean. It takes some one with style to do this hat justice. Keep it on, I'll send the old one. There—wear it that way. Now you look like you just came off a boat, doesn't she, girls? Good day, madam!"

A MATEUR ATHLETE: I think I'll turn professional.

FRIEND: Why?

AMATEUR ATHLETE: Because I can make twice as much money as I'm making now.

Night

SLOWLY fall the shades of night,
Quite inured to phrases trite;
Now awaken vivid joys
In the hearts of girls and boys.

Lights burst forth to rout the gray
Murkiness of open day.
Music, mirth and gaiety
Set the weary spirit free.

Souls who pass the day in gloom
May their happiness resume.
Day has only care to give;
Night is when we really live.

Night, I give thee my applause—
Not too noisily, because
After ten this dump is dead:
Every one has gone to bed.

Ora E. Stark.

AGATHA: Leila married the first violin in an orchestra.

HARRIETT: That's strange. Some one told me she married a Harp.



Be Slender

No effort is required

Don't you realize that countless people have found an easy way to fight fat?

Look about you. Note how slenderness reigns today. Excess fat is not one-tenth as common as it was. Millions of people have learned how to fight that blight to beauty and to health.

Some still rely on abnormal exercise and diet. But more and more employ the easy, pleasant, scientific way—Marmola Prescription Tablets.

Marmola has been used for 18 years. Users have told others the results, until people last year used over a million boxes. That is the great reason why slenderness so prevails.

Let us tell you how and why Marmola brings its amazing results. We reveal every secret now. Learn what it has done, what it is doing, in fairness to yourself.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. Send this coupon for our latest book, a 25-cent sample free and our guarantee. Clip it now.

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

MARMOLA 2-234 General Motors Bldg. DETROIT, MICH.	Mail for 25 Sample Free
--	--------------------------------------

203

Old Settlers

"OH, who will settle the strike in coal?"

No politician made reply.

"Oh, who has settled the strike in coal?"

All answered promptly, "I!"

W. L. W.

Meditations of a Mother-in-Law

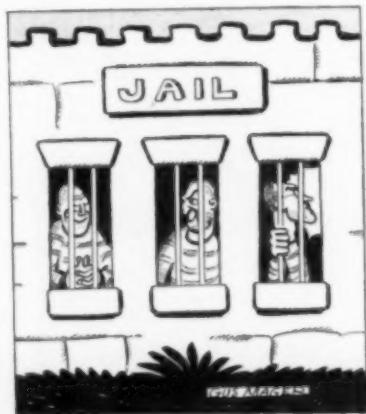
"MY daughter Minnie's husband is takin' Charleston lessons from his stenographer, an' when I got kinda huffy about it, th' other day, what ya think he said? 'Why, Gramma,' he says, sort o' surprised, 'I'll have her come out to the flat on Saturday afternoons an' teach you, too!'

"The very idea! It's bad enough for a big hummock like him, with a daughter almost big enough to go to drug stores alone, to be takin' dancin' lessons from that orange-tinted chit in his office. The other girls in my crowd can do as they please but when I passed seventy I said I was goin' to be conservative an' I meant it. Of course, I followed th' rest of 'em and got my hair shingled but I draw th' line at th' Charleston. My plate's too loose, anyway.

"I ast Minnie if she wasn't afraid to have Harold on such terms with that stenographer but she says, 'Good land, Mama, as long as they're doin' th' Charleston there's no grounds for divorce. I'd rather have him doin' a hoe-down with Miss Smythe than tellin' her he's misunderstood at home.'

"An' maybe she's right. I remember back in Peoria when me an' Lamech lived there th' fellows that could cut th' pigeonwing th' best never got shot in th' back." *McCready Huston.*

SUCH is American homogeneity that a man who comes to this country from Russia, and spends his winters in Florida and his summers in Paris, is generally referred to upon his death as "a prominent New Yorker."



NATURAL HISTORY

THE ONLY KIND OF BIRDS THAT SHOULD BE KEPT IN CAPTIVITY



Telephone Preparedness

NINE years ago, when this nation was preparing for war, it found the Bell Telephone System ready for service at home and abroad. The war found the Bell System prepared. From its technical forces so needful to meet our war-time activities in this country, fourteen battalions were organized to carry to the front the highest developments of the telephone art. No other nation had so complete a system of communication to aid in mobilizing its resources. No other nation was able to put into the field a military communication system of equal effectiveness.

Fifty years ago Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, gave to the world a new art. He had the vision of a nation-wide telephone

system by which people near at hand and far apart could talk to one another as if face to face. He foresaw a usefulness for the telephone which could not be achieved without innumerable developments, inventions and improvements, to him unknown. But not even he foresaw the marvelous applications of telephony which gave to the American armies that fighting efficiency which is possible only when there is instant exchange of complete information.

Since the completion of its service in time of war, the Bell System has devoted itself to the extension of the telephone art as one of the great agencies for the development of the pursuits of peace.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES



IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

All Planned

"NOW we shall play Movies," said Mary Jane Browne. "You can be the usher."

"All right," agreed Tiny Tom. "You be the lady who reads titles out loud."

"Why?" asked the girl.

"So I can throw you out."

GERMANY is shipping a new cheap alcohol to the United States. It is said to be non-poisonous and does not fall under the Prohibition law. This looks as if Germany were at last making a serious effort toward reparation.

Battle Cries of the Seventeenth

RALLY round the flask, boys, rally round the flask.

Don't shoot till you see the orange in their buttonholes.

Ireland expects every man to go into politics.

None but the brave deserves the Donnybrook Fair.

In time of peace, prepare for a friendly argument.

Don't give up the chip.

God is on the side of the heaviest brogans.

F. W.

**The
Railroads
Serve
Apollinaris**

**on the Diners and
Pullmans, in every
State of the Union.**

**"The Queen
of Table Waters"**

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.,
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York



FRANK SIEGRIST, brilliant young trumpet soloist, three seasons with White-man, uses a Conn.

**You, too,
can win success
in music**

SIEGRIST earns a princely salary for his brilliant solos. His mastery of the highest register amazes his hearers. He uses a Conn trumpet because, he says: "the intonation, valve action, and immediate response give added confidence in my playing."

There's profit and pleasure in music. You can fit yourself for it quickly. Start now to cultivate your musical bump with a Conn trumpet, saxophone, trombone, any band or orchestra instrument. Brief, pleasant practice enables you to win pleasure and profit. Send now for free book and details of Free Trial, Easy Payments on Any Conn Instrument.

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Elkhart, Ind. Please send, free, "Success
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City, State.....
County.....



**THE SILENT DRAMA
Recent Developments**

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 26)

Moana. A singularly beautiful picture of Samoan life.

The Grand Duchess and the Waiter. Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou make merry in a Parisian hotel.

The Skyrocket. The flashing story of a movie star's rise, with that gifted artiste, Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

Memory Lane. Fine work by William Haines in a sentimentally pleasant picture.

The Song and Dance Man. The ingratiating Tom Moore, the Charles-toning Bessie Love—and little else.

Hands Up. An exceptionally comical story of the Civil War, with Raymond Griffith.

The Black Bird. Lon Chaney in Limehouse.

The American Venus. Let's all go down to Fralinger's and have a saltwater taffy feast.

Mannequin. Fifty thousand dollars' worth of nothing.

Lady Windermere's Fan. Probably the finest piece of direction in the history of the silent drama.

Mike. Irish humor, hot off the burlesque griddle.

Ben-Hur. A great deal of scenery and several real thrills.

The Vanishing American. Richard Dix is great, but some of the melodrama is sour.

The Merry Widow. If you like to hear a Viennese waltz played by a string quartet, you can't fail to like this.

Stella Dallas. Sob-stuff, beautifully done.

The Big Parade. I have seen it again and again, and it looks better each time.

R. E. S.

The Gentle Art of Dictation

GOOD morning, Miss Pinch. A nice morning. Just a few letters to get out of the way...ahem...important, though. Get them out of the way quickly. Several important matters coming up to-day. Well...ahem...all ready? Take a letter to Fred F. Frederick, President... No. Better change that to F. F. Frederick, President, Frederick, Frederick & Frederick, Frederick Building, Frederick, Maryland... My dear Fred comma Your letter of the seventh to hand and contents noted period In reply would state... Going too fast for you? Oh, I see. All right. Now where was I? Oh, thank you.

My dear Fred comma Your letter of the seventh to hand and contents... I don't like the tone of that, Miss Pinch. It lacks friendliness. I was saying to President Small only yesterday that friendliness was the most important element in modern business. It was in his office yesterday afternoon. "J. W." he said to me, "what do you think is the most important element in modern business to-day?" "Well, sir," I said

(Continued on next page)



**A Sure Way To
End Dandruff**

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a fourounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON



Vernon Room

MARCH MUSICALES

EVERY SATURDAY EVENING

February 27th to March 27th

FOURTH YEAR

Levitzi—Sparks—Dadmun
Errolle—Claussen—Ballon
Peterson—Kindler—Davis
Giannini—Steschenko—Landowska
Tibbett—Lennox—Jacobsen

**CHALFONTE—
HADDON HALL
ATLANTIC CITY**

Details of these Musicales with hotel folder and rates on request

**LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT
COMPANY**

When the finest cost
but a quarter for twenty—

"Why not
Smoke the
Finest?"

Modern Heirlooms

CRAWFORD: So the house needs to be entirely refurnished?

MRS. CRAWFORD: Yes; everything is about worn out except the guest towels.

"THAT cooks your goose," said the electric stove salesman as he blotted another deferred-payment order.

STOPS

SEA SICKNESS

—in the roughest waters. This appalling nausea is unnecessary suffering. Mothersill's prevents Travel Sickness on your journeys by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air.

25c & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
Montreal
London

25 Tons
**MOTHERSILL'S
SEASICK
REMEDY**
In Use

The Gentle Art of Dictation

(Continued from page 34)

to him, "my thought on the proposition is that it's profits." Well, it seems he thought that was a "good one" and he got a good laugh out of it. Fine sense of humor, President Small has. "No, J. W." he said to me, "you got the wrong angle on that matter. The most important element in modern business is friendliness." It struck me as being a pretty sound observation. I said to him, "Well, sir," I said, "it strikes me you've made a pretty sound observation."

Well, now, what was that last sentence? Oh, yes. Thank you... My dear Fred comma Your letter of the seventh received for which we thank you very much period In reply to it you know that this company does not want its suppliers to get stuck on any contracts comma at the same time we don't propose to get burnt on that bunch of stuffers that you are printing for us period My thought is that we can get together around the lunch table... (Telephone rings.)

Jump speaking. Yes, I see. Yes, I'd like to go into the thing with you. I have an idea or two I want to toss into the hopper.... Sure, very pleasant way.... Still too soft, I should think.... I need some practice on the short game, too.... Three-thirty. All right. G-by.

Now, let's see, Miss Pinch. Where were we? Right. Thank you... My thought is that we can get together around the lunch table the next time you come up here from Frederick and iron out our troubles period With best personal regards period Very truly yours, ... I think we'd better stop there this morning. Suppose you type that now and I'll sign it before I go out to lunch.

(Lapse of ten minutes.)

Oh, yes. The letter to Mr. Frederick. Thank you, Miss Pinch. Ahem...

F. F. Frederick, President,
Frederick, Frederick & Frederick
Frederick Building,
Frederick, Md.

My dear Fred:

Your letter of the seventh brings up the question of the stuffer contract which has never been settled quite to your satisfaction nor to mine. You know, of course, that our company must protect its interests; but you know from experience that we are anxious for all of our suppliers to make legitimate profits. Can't you lunch with me soon so that we may bring this affair to a mutually satisfactory conclusion?

It will be a great pleasure to see you.

Sincerely yours,

(Mr. Jump signs with a flourish.)
Thank you, Miss Pinch. That ought to fill the bill. It strikes me as being one of the best letters I've written in a long time, if I do say so myself.

Sterling Patterson.

**FADA
Radio**

Has "Company Manners" All the time

FADA RADIO never delivers a grunt-and-gurgle solo just after you've told your friends what a great little set it is.

If there's anything on the air you'll get it and get it *right, every time*.

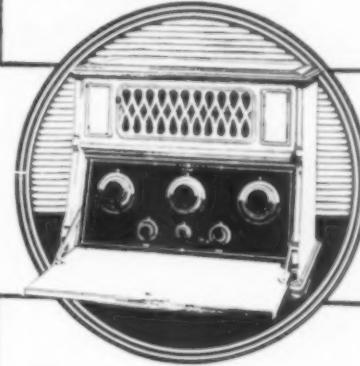
You'll get it with incredible clarity—distinct, true-toned, *living!*

And what's more, you'll get it *easily and certainly* whether it comes from across the continent or just around the corner!

FADA RADIO abolishes alibis—it eliminates apologies.

It's easy to prove these qualities for yourself—every FADA Dealer is acting for a chance to let you do it—in his store or in your home—without obligation to buy.

Don't keep yourself waiting—call the dealer today!



The FADA NEUTROLA

\$175

Here's a typical FADA RADIO value—guaranteed so long as you own it. Five-tube, tuned radio frequency—plus the Neutrodyne improvements—cabinet work in mahogany—self-contained loudspeaker. A set to write home about!

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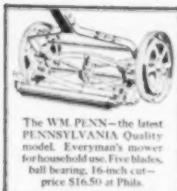
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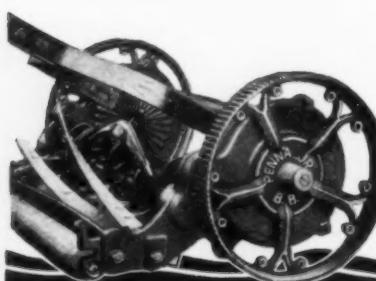
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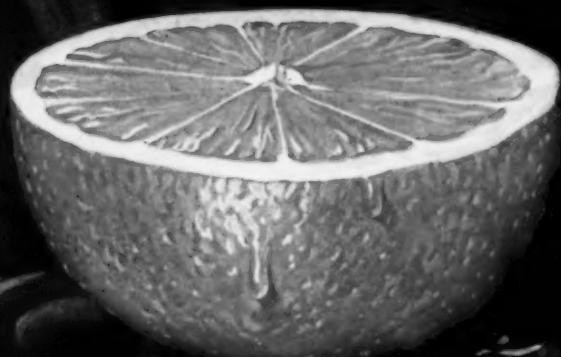
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